white as snow,
And dreams he is the passionate heart of
fifty years ago! The glad church bells were ringing then as they are ringing now;
The orchard was in bloom, and there was go through Mr. Deer like a buckshot

They are ringing now;
The orchard was in bloom, and there was Sunday in the air;
My dear love's face was sweeter than the blossom on the bough.

Twas bluest May time in her eyelids and in her golden hair!
Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap!
We leaned together, lips to lips; we heard, but could not see,
A woodwele—'twas not you, friend—tapping in that apple tree! it were unly the she one that done the huntin'. The he one were a lazy var-mint, an' laid in his den w'ile his mate

Although 'twas Sunday, still, I thought, no
Sabbath breaker he:
And though to-day is Sunday, too, no Sabbath breaker you;
You can not break, but you can make, a holy
day for me;
Your tapping crowds my trees with bloom,
and fills my skies with blue.
Oh, tap, tap, tap, tap, tap,
I bear you, and my cheek is flushed; my button hole is gay:

The sap-trough side o' the she wogglybob opened on the bend jist like a
pea-pod, or like a big clam sheil. The

Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap; tap tap, tap; tap tap, tap; tap tap, tap tap; tap tap, tap tap ton hole is gav;

I stride erect—what need have I of any staff to-day?

I stride erect—what need have I of any staff to-day?

thick, an' w'en the wogglybob were huntin', these jaws was open. Soon ez my heart beat fast.

My eyes are dim, my cheek is wet, my head grows white again:

For I remember, in the light of that long vanished past.

How kindly life has dealt with me, how hard with better men.

Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap!

For those church bells, that orchard bloom, that woodwele in the tree.

Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap, tap!

For those church bells, that orchard bloom, that woodwele in the tree.

I thick, an' w'en the wogglybob were huntin', these jaws was open. Soon ez she killed her game she scooped it up in the trough, an' the jaws come together with a snap. A stout bone on one half o' the trough slipped inter a slot on t'other side, jist like a bolt, an' that the game, w atever it mowt be, were locked up in the trough spring-lock.

vanished past,
How kindly life has dealt with me, how nare
with better men.
Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap!
Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap!
And all that plighted happiness have kept
their pledge to me!

My dear love's eyes are faded and her face is
wrinkled now,
And all the golden color changed to silver
in her heir:
But when she smiles—ah, then you see the
blossom on the bough:
And when she speaks, you feel a sense of
May time in the air!
Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap,
Oh, tap, tap; tap, tap;
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through all disgu se, my dear old wife, be
Through the trough ez snug ez if it had been stowed in a spring-lock trunk. An' the beauty of it were, th'
wa'n't nothin' could unlock that trough an' get the game out, 'ceptin' one of the wogglybob at hum in the den. On the wogglybob at hum in the den. On the wogglybob at hum in the den. On the wogglybob's game trough, jist over the bolt, an' ez soon ez she got hum with her load the feller that we my dear old wife, be game out, 'ceptin' one of the wogglybob at hum in the den. On the wogglybob at

THE "WOGGLYBOB."

An Old Settler Tells His Grands About the Awful Beast.

A grandson of the old settler, a lively ten-year-old from Monroe County, is visiting at his grandfather's. On one of the recent warm days the old settler had been busy for an hour or two watching his wife getting a spot ready in the garden for early peas, and finally sat garden for early peas, and finally sat down on the south side of the barn to garden for early peas, and finally sat down on the south side of the barn to rest. Little Peleg, the grandson, who had failed, after persistent efforts, to drive the family cat in under a deadfall he had rigged up out of the washtub behind the woodshed, went over and sat down beside his grandfather. "Grand-

that's got plenty o' ammunition, an' a gun with a bar'l th't's very stout an' sery long. Taggers is a'most ez big ez he side o' that hen house yonder, Peleg, an so red th't ye kin see 'em a miled or more, so ez 'tain't no credit to a feller streakin' through the hole I had made, an' the nex' second a reg' lar blaze o' fire an' the nex' second a reg' lar blaze o' fire

to plug one on 'em."

"Tigers hain't red, grandpop," said
Peleg. "They're streaky, and they hain't much bigger than a pig. I seen a tiger once in a show."

"Them shows th't's goin' 'hout the inside o' that animal were lighter th'n the Fourth o' July at noon. Ye see, sonny, the wogglybob had begun to notice th't sumply were goin' on out o' a tiger once in a show."

'Them shows th't's goin' 'bout the tountry is bad things, Peieg, 's said the old settler, with a frown of disapproval.

'They give ye wrong idees. Boys that goes to shows don't think nothin' o' too, I've heerd. Mebbe that show yer too, I've heerd. Mebbe that show yer speakin' on had a woogdybob with it to see he struck me, meakin' on had a woogdybob with it to see he shows or the eye; but another scheme struck me, an' with one slosh o' my jeck-knife I

speakin' on had a wogglybob with it, an' with one slosh o' my jack-knife I coo, an' mebbe that were streaky. W'at

long afore photygraphin' were ever thort of, an' th' wasn't no picturs ever thort of, an' th' wasn't no picturs ever took o' one. That's onfertnit, too, fur they'd be cur'ous things to look at now-a-days. A full grow'd wogglybob stood seven foot an' an inch high, an' unly two feet o'that were legs. But he didn't mind it a bit 'cause his legs was short, fur he had two sets of 'em, one set fur walkin' on' one set fur swimmin' heir' walkin' an' one set fur swimmin,' bein' sight in all. His body were ez square ez a shoe box, 'cept on the top an' bottom, that is, if ye could say that th' were any lop or bottom to a wogglybob, fur w'en were swimmin' the top of him was the bottom, an' w'en he were walkin' the bottom of him were the top. The swimmin' side run to a sharp p'int, like the keel of s row-boat, an' the walkin' side of him was kinder roundin', like bottom of a sap trough. He was sovered all over with stiff hair that stuck straight out like porkypine's quills, 'cept on the tip o' the keel side an' the round o' the sap trough side, which was both ez bare as a tellygraph pole. His four swimmin' legs was like a snappin' torkle's, and w'en he wer' on his walkin' legs, the swimmin' ones laid down flat 'longside the keel. His four walkin' legs was like a painter's, and w'en he were on his swimmin' side his w'en he were on his swimmin' side his walkin' legs laid down flat 'longside the sap trough. He could raise the four legs he wa'n't usin', though; an' gin-ar'ly did w'en he were mad, so that

to see a crazy ol' wogglybob tearin' through the woods like a
painter, with four big snappin torkle's
claws riz in the air on his four upper corners, were a sight to do yer heart good. The wogglybob's head were a p'int in nat rai hist'ry th't none o' the books hain't got nothin' about. It were sot on top of a long neck, an' were shaped just like a big sledge hammer. The neck were fastened on hinges where it j'ined the shoulders, an' the animal could swing the head up an' down an' give a whack with it that'd ha' made a x-foot blacksmith's helper go off an' tump that stuck out a foot or more on is chist. That lump, sonny, were the down his game. He only had one eye, an' that were a big un, sot right in the middle o' his head, an' ez long ez it were in his head he couldn't turn it to of a sinner th't were wound up in the wogglybob's skull like a twisted spring. He could ontwist that spring w'enever he wanted to, an' it'd shoot in the air an' carry the eye up with it clean above the trees, if the wogglybob wanted to take a good look 'round the country. W'en the eye were sent out on picket duty like that, it could be turned an twisted to see every w'ch way. Then the himer scale be sprung

straight ahead o' the wogglybob, so't he could turn it around corners an' see how the land laid 'fore he ventured on THE "GLORIOUS FOURTH." his way. The eye glittered an' glared so th't in the night time, w'en it were Phoughts, Serious and Facetion

sprung up out'n the woods, it'd shine

like a house a-fire. Wull, with this kind of an eye the wogglybob didn't have no trouble to spy out his game, an' then he'd steal onter it like a cat.

He'd back up to it 'fore the game know'd it, an' we'n he were ez nigh ez

three foot to it, whack! 'd come the hammer head down on the hump on

the chist whar the but eend o' the tail were, an' thet'd knock out the hull length o' tail that were hid inside the

wogglybob, an' it'd slide like a flash o' lightnin' inter the game, wuther it were

a deer or w'at it were, an', bein' ez

through a bar o' soap.
"I ben a callin' the wogglybob he, but

went out an' fotched in the provender.

The Day as Viewed from Many Stand Points-The Spartan Mother-"Young America" Let Loose - The Conventional Pienic.

Incident Thereto.

HE FOURTH of July is again at hand-the plain, unvarevery native-born or naturalized citizen of this great and glorious land of the brave and home of the free-born eade, there is no day in the calendar fraught

with so much and so diverse interest. There is no use talking, the Fourth of July double-discounts any thing in the Natur' had rigged up the wogglybob so cur'ous that the she one couldn't git at tine of a holiday yet familiar to the American mind. It is on the Fourth of July only that the American heart makes its most formidable demonstrations of patriotism and "shows up what it can do." And the American heart, by the way-not to speak boastfully-is capable of considerable. All it wants is a chance; and that chance the Fourth affords.

The Fourth presents as many different nases as the moon, according to prejulices, favorable or otherwise, through which it is observed, and these depend large ly upon the age, nerves and property involved of the person conducting the ob-servation. Some, it must be confessed, do not possess that patriotic spirit which should temper their judgment. Many, it s possible, look upon the national day as a necessary evil—as grievous as the re-turn of a lady's birthday afterforty; some hail its approach as the harbinger of ex-quisite delight—the glad tidings of great loy; while many, it is probable, diligently strive to persuade themselves that it is a blessing in disguise, deluding themselves with the fanciful idea that somewhere in this holiday there lurks an indescribabl got hum with her load the feller that carried the key'd slip it in the lock, an' the bolt'd fly back ez slick ez could be. "Wull, sonny, I tackled my fust wogpleasure which only the continuous "fizz' "squibs" and other distracting agent prevent them from discovering. To such glybob w'en I were unly fourteen years old. We lived forty miled back in the as thus make a chimera of Fourth of July joys, it is scarcely necessary to remark woods, an' one day my pop tol' me to cut sticks fur one-legged Jake Gobles, three miled an' a quarter away, an' borry his inch-an'-a-quarter auger, an' to look out fur wogglybobs.

"If ye let a wogglybob git away with ye 'said pop "I'll ton yo within an inch that their expectations are never realized; the delusive vail of powder-smoke and sulphurous odors scarce ever rises sufficiently to reveal the hidden joys or dispel the

To those who look upon this gloriou anniversary merely as an aggravated outbreak of feeling and fire-crackers it is robuble that no class is more conspicu us than mothers. The regulation American mother, it may be said without exaggeration, looks upon the Fourth as a terror, a sort of epidemic of punk, powder and disfigured small-boys; or an impersonated destroyer of youth, sizzling with bot breath and red rockets, going animal got away with me, an' I begun to belier. I had plenty o' room inside the wogglybob, but it were darker than midnight in a thunder storm. I knowed by the churnin' I were gittin' th't I this boy-exterminator, it can not be deabout with "nigger-chasers," and hordown beside his grandfather. "Grandpop," said he, "did you ever kill a elephant?"

The old settler looked down over his spectacles at the boy.

"No I didn't."

"Well," said Peleg, "you've killed tiggers, havn't you, grandpop?"

"Taggers," replied the old settler, refilling his pipe and looking at Peleg in mild amazement, "taggers is curious ariters, an't b kill em it takes a feller that's got plenty o' ammunition, an' a south of the churnin' I were gittin' th't I were gittin' the light had a leetle more in I could handle. All of a sudden't I thort of the auger, an' that very second I begun to bore in the bony bottom o' that trough. I soon got whether it be punk or gun-wads that constitute the most formidable demolishers of boyish thumbs and ears, or whethe an finds vent are wretched abominations, ikely to "go off" at any moment, and she bhors them accordingly. In this, it must be admitted with chagrin, the American nother does not entertain that noble and unselfish devotion to country that actuated



who held it to be grand for their offsprin to lose their ears, fracture their limbs spill their blood, and in extreme cases even get killed, and be brought home or schewed the fascinating pleasure of glad nattling columns and die protecting th The operation of inoculating the rabbits is done in the following way: A themselves in working off, with cannon and

of people totally unlike and yet in whom there appears a strange analogy-are, equally, with fathers and mothers, averse to Fourth-of-Julys. The explanation of their disaffection probably lies in the

Fourth of July comes with real unadultersted delight is the young-and this mean

especially Christmas is more properly the girls' holiday, but the Fourtheminently belongs to the boys. There is no doubt that in the Fourth of July "Young America" finds a fullness of joy-an illimitable, absorbing satisfying pleasure—that knows no counterpart. That this joy is peculiar to and inseparable from the day itself is manifest from the fact that there is not a cent's worth of fun in firing fire-crackers the day after the Fourth, and the only enjoyment that attaches to it a week or so be ore is in anticipation of the surpassmg joy to come. This anticipation is like that which precedes a picnic or a school vacation, only magnified to about the four-hundredth picture. ns his art wearter about a foot square.

Then he stood up in the sun to let his There never was a boy yet in the full pants dry, and said ies who did not wish "by gol," that to-"By George, Mrs. Jones, Fourth-ofnorrow was going to be the Fourth, and Julys ain't what they're cracked up towho did not wish further that every day Great Scottl there's Nebuchadnes," and onade tub that the Sunday-school supermaking a sort of series of parental "terrifi-cations" and juvenile hilarities. (It is intendent was attending to.

scarcely necessary to remark that there But they did have a nice, regular picnic never was a parent sho did not heave a dinner. Mrs. Jones spread the cloth, in the sigh and thank his or her stars that the middle of which the chow-chow had depos-Fourth was safely over.) If some boy ited itself. Jones made the lemonadecould have been a boy from the first "he was a regular screamer at that," he Fourth of July celebration up to this one-hundred and tenth recurrence of the na-two lemons. Then he strained the flies out tional patriotic convulsion, it is perfectly of the milk and fished the spiders out of the ice cream. Then Mrs. Jones made him lost not a single iota of his joy in the cele-bration, and would come up fresh and smiling (if he hadn't got killed off) to this anniversary, as ready and eager to "ram delicious feast of pickles and cake, ice lown," 'touch off," etc., as he was the cream and sardines. When it came time first day he ever "let one go off in his to go home Zacheus and Nebuchadnezzar hand." had run away, and somebody said they'd had run away, and somebody said they'd Notwithstanding our ancestors are wont to tell us But he set Mrs. Jones to picking up the

> best pants with a "squib," and Nebuchad nezzar had left his coat somewhere. They reached the train ten minutes after everybody else had got there, and had to stand up all the way home, Jones with his

> things while he went to find the boys, whom he found all right, except that Zacheus had burned the knee out of his



ack against the door to keep Zacheus rom riding on the platform, while that opeful was riding on the other one. The baby cried all night with the ice ream colic, and Jones swore he'd never go to another Fourth of July picnic, "so help

But, nevertheless, he probably will.

GOING A-FISHING.

A Plain Hint to Wise Young Men with The fishing season is thoroughly in force at present, and the efficient and experienced liar emerges from his lair and akes advantage of the occasion.

Man who is born of woman frequently oes forth in the morning to the sequesered spot where fish are supposed to wait n anticipation of death. He sits there patiently all day amid the mosquitoes and rattlesnakes and anac-

ondas and poisoned nettles and red ante-ondas and poisoned nettles and red ante-that chew holes in him and lizards that crawl into his boots until he wishes he was dead; and over him big trees bend, from the branches of which green worms fall on him and crawl down his spine, and then he throws a rock at a cow which is coming toward him, and the rock falls in a bees' nest, and the bees follow him in a bees nest, and the bees follow him up and camp on him and dig caves in his eyes until he stands on his head and howls. And at night he gathers up the three inch scrub fish he has caught and rubs mud in his ears to take out the bee stings, and shakes the snakes out of his pants, and fishes the lizards from under his collar and starts for home. starts for home. He swears by Saint Bugo that he will

never go fishing again, and he doesn't- high. rous occurs again, and it is followed by Young man, if you must go fishing, use ome judgment. Don't go to the woods or to the water; go to the fish market.—St

SURVIVED THE SHOCK. Iow a Rich Lover Won the Girl Who Had

A tall man with a somber look on his

face entered Major Mackelvane's private office, and stammered: "Major, I have most unpleasant tidings to communicate; try and nerve yourself? "What is it? My house on fire?"

"No, Major, worse; far worse. You darighter-my dear sir, prepare yourself-

The Profit in Fruit.

Brown (to his wife)-Did you notice that old woman on the corner with a basket of Mrs. Brown-Yes. Brown-She has stood on that corne

very day for ten years with her basket of apples. How much do you suppose she is orth? Mrs. Brown-H-m! A thousand dol-

Mrs. Brown-A hundred thousand Mrs. Brown-A million? She can't be worth more than a million, John?

Brown—Not a cent, and she owes for the

asket.-N. Y. Sun.

Worse Than Conscience. Galveston, Tex., is much infested with nosquitoes, which are almost as big as English sparrows, and whose sting causes the sufferer to imagine that a honey bee has strolled over an exposed portion of his body. They make almost as much racket as a girl playing on the piano. With this explanation the reader may comprehend the point of the following: "What," asked a Galveston Sundayschool teacher, "is that invisible power that prevents the wicked man from sleepcrossed the ditch and heard Mrs. Jones ing, and causes him to toss upon his "Skeeters!" shouted the bad boy at the

foot of the class.—Texas Siftings.

A very dull man, by some chance, sat down to a dinner given by a circle of astronomers. When the wine began to flow he arose and proposed the health of Galileo. A friend pulled his coat sleeve and whispered that he was dead. "Gentlemen," said the dull man, with moistened eyes and a tremor in his voice, "my fries has just conveyed to me the startling intelligence that Galileo is dead. I mov that resolutions of respect be drawn up and passed by this body, and a copy of them, together with a letter of condolence, be sent to the stricken widow."-Goodall's

No More Swearing for Him. "You say the trout weighed ten ounds?" "Yes, sir: it was the biggest trout I ever

"And it got away from you?" "Will you take an oath to that?" "I'll take no more oaths; I swore enough about it when it got away."- Yonkers

A Natural Conclusion. Cora (reading)-Here's a story of a dog that knew when it was time to bring the sheep home by looking at the clock. What kind of a dog do you think it was! Merritt (smiling) -A wateh-dog, I sup-

USEFUL AND SUGGESTIVE. -Rye bread is a common feed for orses in Belgium and Germany.

-The butter supply can be incre by frequent stirring of the cream. -Blow up through a lamp chimney, not down, to extinguish the light without danger. -Remember that animals can not tell

you of their pains. Watch for sympms of illness. -The restoration to fertility of impoverished farms may be accomplished through the rearing and feeding of live stock.—Troy Times.

-We have always advised against the purchase of incubators of any and every kind but the good old hen.—Colman's Rural World.

-Manure is as necessary to success ful farming as an engine to a steamship, or as fuel to a locometive; and the amount of discussion on the saving and use of manures shows that their import ance is well understood by intelligen cultivators.—Western Rural. -Dr. John H. Jamar, Cecil, Md.,

says of "forging" horses: "We suggest driving your horse arefooted as a cure for forging. It succeeded perfectly with us. First use him very little, but gradually give him as much work on the road as usual. If his feet wea, and become a little tender, put on toe tips—'half-moon shoes,' not over four inches long. He will not overreach, and the forging will stop." and the forging will stop."

-Rhubarb, a much despised dish by many, can be made very delicious if cooked in this way: Wash it, cut it up in inch pieces, place in a stone crock, cover well with white sugar, using no water whatever, and place it in the oven to bake about twenty-five minutes. In making pies of it use strips across the top for a change. Even a change in the appearance of food sometimes makes it taste better.—Boston Budget. -All trees and shrubs should be

properly labelled. The labels that come on the trees from the nursery should not be relied on, as the names soon wash off. Sheet zine, cut in the form of a long tapering wedge, makes the best cheap label we know of, being inde-structible, easily applied, and can never injure the tree if rightly put on. This is done in the easiest possible way by merely coiling the tapering end around a small branch several times, and thus it will yield to the increase of size. The writing may be done with a common lead pencil, and will increase in distinctness with time.—N. Y. Telegram.

HAY BARRACKS.

The Importance of Having Some Kine of Protection for the Hay Crop. Clover is hard to keep in stack. Or well regulated farms there is but little tame hay but what is more or less mixed with clover. When clover is one-third of the crop clover. The latter keeps the soil loose, mellow and damp, keeps the soil loose, mellow and damp, and the timothy makes heavier crop. If therefore the hay be one-third clover it is almost impossible to stack it so it will keep successfully. But hay which is thoroughly cured and kept safely is far better for any class of animals, if it be at least one-third clover. It is therefore highly important that farmers should have some kind of protection for their hay. A good barn is the best for such a purpose. But that is costly. Sheds or barracks can be made cheaply. One twenty feet square and twenty feet high, with a movable roof will do year. barrack will hold twenty tons of hay, and with a horse fork can be easily

filled twenty feet high.

The cost of a hay barrack of this kind will be paid for the first year in the better keeping of twenty tons of hay. The roof should be made as light as possible, so that it can be raised and lowered, as it is filled or emptied. It should be light enough so that one man can raise or lower a corner at a time, at his convenience. Without this it will have to be boarded up, as the rain or snow would blow under the roof. But if the roof is raised as it is filled, in haying a load can be put in at any time, as it is in a barn, and then it is safe.

And when hay is part clover, as it always should be, great care and good judgment have to be exercised to have the hay cured just right, and when it is right, it should go immediately to the barn or shed, as mixed hay can not be saved successfully in cock in a rain. saved successfully in cock in a rain. So it is all important to have a place where hay can be stored just as soon as it is ready. Nearly half of all hay cut, when it is stacked is spoiled. Where clover is, the water will run in-it will spoil in for some inches all over the stack, and a considerable of a layer at the bottom is worthless. And when a stack is opened in winter or summer to feed, as at the mercy of the weather which is always of the worst character

at the wrong time.

Or, if you do not like the barracks, make sheds with stationary roofs. They can be twenty feet wide and as long as desired. It should be sloped all one way, and if covered with boards made pretty steep. It is best to have the highest side face the east, as the heavy, lashing showers seldom come from that direction. If the hay settles after put in, it would be better to put on boards extending from the roof down to the hay, to protect it.—Des Moines (Ia.)

LEARNING HOUSE-WORK. dvantages Derived by Girls from Servin

an Apprenticeship in the Kitchen. If mothers educated their daughters to think more honorably of house-work, we would not have so many inefficient house-keepers, but if the mother is efficient in the control of her home, she had rather do the whole than have the trouble of teaching her daughters, forgetting that this is an injustice to them as well as to herself, and she can no more neglect this part of their education than she can neglect their education from books; and they should be taught to understand that to be an adept in the art of sewing, plain or otherwise, is as great an accomplishment as music and painting; not that I underrate these later accomplishments, but I consider the former as equal to them, and it seems strange to me that mothers are so bline o this most essential part of their daughters' education.

When we contemplate the many unhappy homes made so by the incapacity of their mistresses, our best instincts convince us that the training of our girls is absolutely wrong. I once heard a farmer's daughter say to her mother the week before she was married, "I have never made a loaf of bread or cake," and she was twenty-three at that time and her intended was a farmer. and the mother was well assured that the daughter would have to be her own

housekeeper. But even in the case of dividing the care of the household with servants the discipline is better when the lady has a practical knowledge of how things should be done, and the length of time required in the performance of certain duties. If she has a knowledge of these facts she will be a more kind and patient mistress.

While I believe that our girls should be proficient in every department of learning, I think also that they should be taught the importance of serving an tleeship in the kitchen at the enue time. - Practical Farmer

PLEASANT WORK.

Why the Washington Fish Reservoir | Cleansed with Unusual Thoroughness. Immediately in front of the Capitol, on the west side, is a large fish reservoir. It is probably sixty feet long by thirty-five feet wide on the average, and s probably eighteen feet deep at the upper end and fourteen feet deep at the ower end. It is shaped like an egg, is built of stone, and catches the surplus water from the springs beneath the capital which supply the inhabitants with drinking water. An iron spout pours the surplus water into the reservoir in a constant stream. There is a large a constant stream. There is a large variety of fish in the reservoir, and leaning against the rails which surround it may be seen, at nearly all times of the day, a crowd of spectators, for the water is so transparent that the fish may be seen at any depth. During the past week a body of laborers were engaged for two or three days cleaning out this reservoir. The water was turned off and the fish taken out and placed in vats. The bottom of the reservoir is and the lish taken out and placed in vats. The bottom of the reservoir is covered with stone and cement, but on top of that was found a mucous, a slime of mud, moss and leaves, probably three inches deep. The architect of the hospital said that during the process of cleaning the reservoir, although the work was very heavy and unpleasant. of cleaning the reservoir, although the work was very heavy and unpleasant none of the duties about the hospita were performed with greater zeal and

pleasure by the workmen. The reason of this was, he said, that the man who cleaned out the filth often found a good deal of valuable treasure in it. Senators and Representatives are often seen to throw dimes and nickles and fanc buttons and scarf pins into the pool to see the fish dart after them. The reservoir is cleaned out about every reservoir is cleaned out about every three months and there is found deposited at the bottom of it almost a peck of these little trinkets which are thrown into it, and occasionally the workmen receive very valuable "tips" for their extraordinary labors. On one occasion, it is said, a diamond ring and three or four five-dollar gold pieces were found among the valuables. They had evidently been cast into the pool by mis-

dently been cast into the pool by mis-take. - Washington Cor. Chicago Herald. BOLD ORIGINALITY.

It is an old story that genius and madness are nearly allied. Assuredly they do not often occur side by side, or in succession, in the same families. The son or brother of a person who committed suicide, or was otherwise disordered mentally, may be a genius. It is no exaggeration to say that there is hardly ever a man of genius who has not insanity or nervous disorder of some form mixed with clover. When clover is once fairly established on the farm it is difficult to keep meadows clear of it, even if one wanted to. Timothy meadow will produce more timothy hay to have one-third of the crop clover. The latter feeling of which ninety-nine persons out of a hundred go contentedly all their lives. It is surprising, when we take notice of it, what pure automata most persons are. They say, think, feel and do the same things by the same way day after day, like so many parrots, or just as if they were so many
organic machines. Were any one to
amuse himself by taking train from
London in different directions, and
alighting at so many towns or villages
into or a hundred miles from it, about the same hour of the day, what would he observe? He would observe the sort of cacklings, and crowings, and scratchings; the dogs performing the same kind of sniffings, and prowlings, and barkings, in exactly the same way; and barkings, in exactly the same way; the children crawling and squalling, running, playing and quarrelling in the same way, and making exactly the same sort of cries and ejaculations; the men and women lounging, sauntering and gossiping, and doing or saying, inside or outside their houses, the same things in the same way. He would observe in the same way. He would observe the acts of animal and human life, although more varied; to be almost as mechanically constant as those of so many machines, and might, perhaps, conclude that man does himself more

> he exalts his reason so much above their instincts. - Fortnightly Review. -The English court for crown cases reserved has just decided a curious point in criminal law. One man aimed a blow at another, but missing him struck and wounded a woman. He was tried for striking the woman and found guilty by the jury. It was admitted that he did not intend to strike her, and that the blow was purely accidental. The court sustained the conviction. Lord Coleridge explained that the prisoner "intended to do an unlawful act, and in doing it he inflicted the injury. The intent to injure a particular person is not required." That is, the offense is made out if the assailant purposely and at another, but missing him struck and made out if the assailant purposely and maliciously strikes at one

than justice, or does such little creatures as ants and bees less than justice, when

-There are three kisses in the world of miscellaneous kisses which may be counted true—the kiss the mother lighty lays upon her baby's dewy lips, the kiss the mother gives her boy as he gors forth into the world, and the kiss w press upon the still, pale lips of the dead. All the rest are like the strawberries in the bottom of the basket-to be taken on suspicion. - Chicago Jour-

-Madness in cattle was once sur posed to arise from a distemper in the nternal substance of their horns, and furious or mad cattle had their horns bound with straw.

THE MARKETS. CINCINNATI, JU LIVE STOCK—Cattle-Common \$2 00
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When blacksmiths begin to strike horse shoes are turned out faster than ever.— Chicago Mail.

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The old proverb is certainly true in the case of Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pelleta," which are little, sugar-wrapped parcels, scarcely larger than mustard seeds, containing as much cathartic power as is done up in the biggest, most repulsive-looking pill. Unlike the big pills however they are mild and pleasant in their opera tion—do not produce griping pains, no render the bowels costive after using.

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A New York paper says the milk sold in that city is a "white lis."

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BACK PAY-Kicking a book agent out of





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AND WHITING TO ADVERTISHED

tind of a critter did they pass off on ye tur a wogglybob, Peleg?"

"They didn't have none, grandpop," said Peleg.

"Did ye ever see a pictur' of a wogglybob, Peleg? But I mowt know ye lidn't 'thout astin' ye, fur the last one th' were in the country were extincted long afore photygraphin' were ever didn't 'thout astin' ye, fur the last one th' were in the country were extincted long afore photygraphin' were ever didn't they are the country were ever didn't they are the country were extincted long afore photygraphin' were ever didn't they are the country were ever didn't they are the country were ever didn't they are they are the country were ever didn't they are they a

Jeewhiz, Peleg, how that wogglybob did howl. In the tumblin' an' pitchin' the lock on the trough broke. The jaws flied open, an' out I rolled. It didn't take me long, sonny, to hammer the life out'n that critter with stuns an clubs, an' I got hum all safe an' sound with the augur, 'an' I didn't git no lickin'." Little Peleg's eyes were bigger than the button on his grandtather's old coat when the old settler finished. Before he could put the questions that he was plainly loaded with, his grand-"Yender goes Bill Simpson, Peleg. I think he's goin' out to look at them robbin's nests 'long the creek. I guess th' hain't no objection to yer goin' with him, sonny."

Peleg started. The old settler called him back. "An' say, Peleg," said he, "w'atever ye do, don't mention any thing to yer gran'mammy 'bout 'wat I ben tellin' ye. She were skeert mos to death by a wogglybob w'en she were a gal, an' to mention the name o' one to her now would throw her into fits, an' I would'nt hev M'riar get a fit fur two dollars, Peleg."—Ed Mott, in N. Y. Sun. How the Famous French Savant Obtain healthy rabbit is placed on a board lying on his abdomen; his hind legs are fastened to two lateral pegs, and the same is done to the fore paws. The hair is cut off his head to the extent of about half-a-crown. Chloroform is given until the animal is quite insensible. A clean incision is made lengthwise with a sharp bistoury, previously dipped in a solution of carbolic acid. The lips of hang hisself. The only use th't the wogglybob had fur hammerin' was to the bone; in a few turns a small disc of his head down agin a perjectin' butt eend o' the wogglybob's tail, an' nobody never see the tip eend o' the tail till the lump were whacked. The tail were hid inside the wogglybob, an' it were the weapon he used in bringin' speculum is removed, the skin sewn up. look to neither one side nor t'other. lation, and dies invariably on the tenth But the eye were fastened onto the eend day. Two rabbits are thus inoculated oculating rabbits and patients.—London

the wound are kept apart with an eye speculum or dilator, any blood is mopped up with fine blotting paper dipped in carbolic-acid solution, and a revolving bone of about the size of a threepenny piece is cut through, and extracted with curved needle, also disinfected. The the ligatures undone, and the rabbit allowed to come to, and is placed in hi cage. On the seventh day the rabbit egins to feel the effects of the inocuevery day, and two die every day, so that a supply of virus is kept up for in-

> -Application for divorce has been made by a Lewiston (Me.) couple, who, made by a Lewiston (Mc.) couple, who, it is said, did not exchange words for nearly a quarter of a century, until a month ago. They lived in the saula house all the walls.

PASTEUR'S RABBITS.

His Hydrophobia Virus.



shields (for they didn't use shutters in those days) dead-dead for their country. Mothers at the present day have entirely letting their sons die-even on the Fourth. What is true of American mothers is largely true of American fathers. The primitive love of country seems to grand and heroic devotion to one's native and, which, in the days of traditional heir lives on the altar of their country, to hew their ways into the thickest of the of blood, give up the ghost at the shrine of old lady's lap. patriotism, or mow a swath through body of a fallen chief or king—is no longer emulated by fathers in real life, in their own persons, nor is it looked upon with sons; indeed, in most cases, it appears to have become distasteful to fathers to see

especial favor by them when exhibited by their sons shoot off their ears and maim crackers, the wild frenzy of their patriotic devotion. Old maids and old bachelors-two classes

fact that their temperaments won't stand the racket. To tell the truth, the pleasures of Fourth of July seem, to the greater part of the race, idealistic and illusory; there is a sort of effort to get some fun out of what isn't a bit funny. It is like fooling with an electrical machine. So that the only portion of the population to whom the

must have found joy somewhat like that of the modern boy, who, at two a. m. of the morning of "the gloriclimbs the staircase to the village church belfry and, with a half dozen companions startles the slumbering town with the discordant peals of the cracked bell, and then flees with precipitate haste and boisterous laughter, to hide away, and by and by venture back again to wake the echoes, growing bolder and bolder when unrestraint, he shivers the air until the sun comes up, and, by rousing to life of day the village people, dispels the fun that consisted solely in the mischiel. Our ancestors enjoyed this sport; so did we; so do our boys now, though in the city they are mostly deprived of it. In another respect the Fourth is great

igor of a boy's tireless physical possibili-

for a week was going to be a "Fourth,

that they knew

nothing of fire-

does, but used to

amuse and maim

themselves with

anvils and blunder

busses, or flint-

locks, while the

smaller children

amused themselves

with slices of gin-

ger-bread and

lumps of brown

sugar: we are prone

to believe that the

must have known

something of the

joys that lie coiled up in a pin-wheel.

or, at least, if thes

were foreign to

their acquaint

ance that they

The writer remembers such a day. The Sunday-school—the one that Jones belonged to-was going to have one.

the children-it'll be such a nice change for the little loves." Jones agreed, and said "picnics were his strong-hold." So they got up at five o'clock in the

morning, got the children out on their pins there were seven, all under twelve years and fixed them all up nice. Jones combed their hair, tied the baby's sash, put on his white pants and vest, took the youngest of the family incumbrances on his arm and a basket in his

hand with Zachariah hanging onto the handle; Mrs. J. followed in his wake with a your daughter has brought disgrace on your proud house by eloping with the gardener."

sweet smile on her face, and they started with me—

"She has, eh? Take a cigar with me—

"She has, eh? Take a cigar with me hand with Zachariah hanging onto the a young Jones under each wing and a sweet smile on her face, and they started for the train, the rest of the young Joneses skirmishing along the flanks. Mrs. Jones saw a man running, so she got nervous, "knew they would be late," and they all ran for it.

Arrived at the depot, Jones was hot, the

starch was fading from his collar, and they found that the train didn't leave for filteen minutes. They got seated, the children scattering over the whole side of the car. Just as Jones had got settled down to cool and wipe the perspiration from his brow, and the bell was ringing for the train to start, Mrs. Jones discovered that she had forgotten the tickets, Zach eus was out on the platform, and Maria had her finger squeezed in the window. Jones made a dive for Zacheus and disconcerted the prevender basket; Mrs. have waned in the human heart. That Jones "hit for" Maria and knocked her hat out of the window, while Nebuchadnezzar cried and jumped up and down on a poetry and song, prompted men to yield fat lady's toes. But at last they got adjusted; Jones snatched Zacheus into the

train, Mrs. Jones found the tickets in her fight, and there, sinking exhausted in pools hand and Nebuchadnezzar sat down in an When they arrived at the park Jones got together the basket, the shawls and parasols, with the exception of some they afterward found at the railroad office in the city. Mrs. J. took the children in tow, except three that fled out of the other end of the car and got lost in the crowd. As Jones got on the platform he discovered Zachariah balancing on a plank that

> shriek: "For Heaven's sake, Zacheus, come out from under that car!" Jones was never so put out in his life and yelled, with his hair standing on end and blood in his eye:

"Zachariah, climb out of that ditch, o I'll tan your infernal little skin," and then he stood Zacheus on his head for about a minute But when they reached the grove and Jones had got a halter on Zacheus, and

they found a nice shady place where the sun would strike surer than guns in about fifteen minutes, Jones began to feel easier in his mind and sat down to view the situation, just where somebody had spilled some lemonade; but it did not matter-he

ot right up, and only swore. Mrs. Jon ook a napkin and made the grass stain